

Maryknoll

THE FIELD AIAK



AUGUST 1948



"SILLY MAN!" laughs Mama Aymara as the American Padre points his picture box. Simple and unaffected, she disdains frills. But she knows too much about cold and hunger and ignorance. The Padre is there to help her.

his
too
her.



Among the sophisticates
who have discovered the
beauty of ideal in the
Catholic mission Sister, is
Somerset Maugham. He
writes here of the superior
of an orphanage in China.

The Nun

by Somerset Maugham

that led over the mountains — ah, they did not have them here in China — and the vineyards and the pleasant villages with their running streams that nestled at the foot of the hills.

But the Chinese were good people. The orphans were quick with their fingers and they were industrious; the Chinese sought them as wives because they had learnt useful things in the convent, and even after they were married they could earn a little money by their needles. And the soldiers, too — they were not so bad as people said; after all, *les pauvres petits*, they did not want to be soldiers; they would much sooner be at home working in the fields. Those whom the sisters had nursed through illness were not devoid of gratitude. Sometimes when they were coming along in a chair and overtook two nuns who had been in the town to buy things and were laden with parcels, they would offer to take their parcels in the chair. *Au fond*, they were not bad-hearted.

"They do not go so far as to get out and let the nuns ride in their stead?" I asked.

"A nun in their eyes is only a woman," she smiled indulgently. "You must not ask from people more than they are capable of giving."

How true, and yet how hard to remember!

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

The Orient has receded somewhat from view in the struggle to save Western Europe from the throes of Stalinism. Europe's need should not distract us from the great needs of the Orient or from its importance in this rapidly changing world. Everywhere lovers of man are needed to bear Christ and eternal, unchangeable truth to our less-fortunate brethren. Truth alone, however, does not fill a man's stomach, or put a roof over his head. "*Facere et docere*" is the answer. "Jesus began to do and to teach." It is the perfect text for Catholic Action.

This year Maryknoll, with an ordination class of thirty-two and with seventeen mission groups in eleven countries, is sending seven priests and a Brother to Japan. A community of Brothers and a community of Sisters have been invited to begin secondary schools with the Maryknollers in Kyoto, and they have accepted.

It is gratifying to note that many mission societies and religious orders have heeded the call to meet Japan's need. The Jesuits, the Immaculate Heart Missioners, the Foreign Missioners of Quebec, Graymoor, and others have generously answered the invitation of the Holy Father.

South China will receive a good contingent of Maryknollers. Our missions in China have been understaffed since the war.

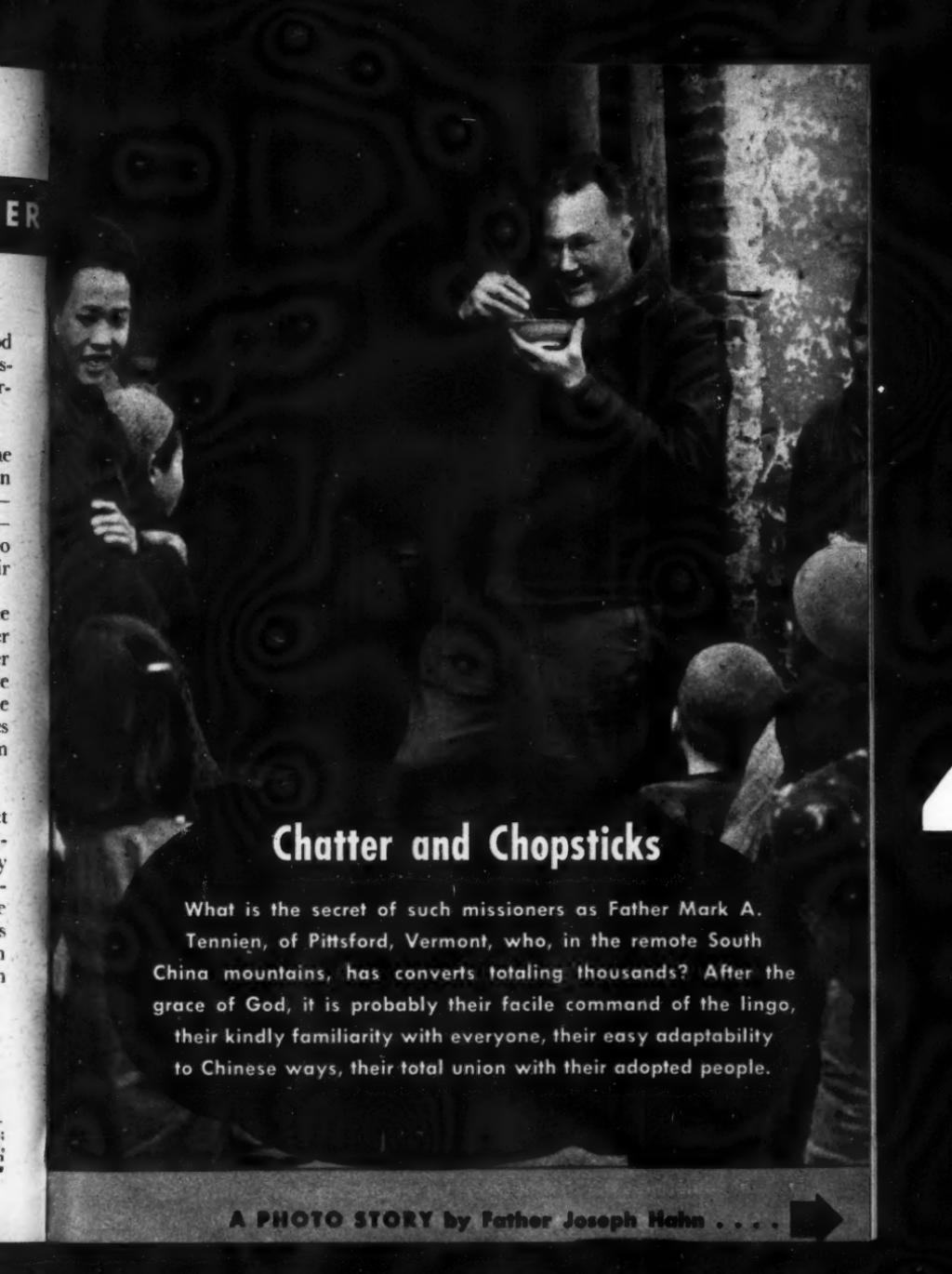
A Christian front in the Orient is the best answer to Stalinism. With an active, energetic social program — Christian as well as philanthropic — the Kremlin will be faced on two fronts with free peoples solving their own problems freely.

Only with an awakened conscience that causes every man to consider the lot of his less-fortunate brother and to do what he can to alleviate that lot, can we expect to win the struggle. Only in such circumstances will Russia be unable to proclaim about justice for the poor man.

After V-J Day I had close contact with many Russian officers and soldiers in Manchuria. They talked very much of how Russia would soon outstrip the United States and dominate the world. That is the goal that has been set for the Russian people, with communism as their fifth column abroad.



ER



Chatter and Chopsticks

What is the secret of such missionaries as Father Mark A. Tennien, of Pittsford, Vermont, who, in the remote South China mountains, has converts totaling thousands? After the grace of God, it is probably their facile command of the lingo, their kindly familiarity with everyone, their easy adaptability to Chinese ways, their total union with their adopted people.

A PHOTO STORY by Father Joseph Hahn . . .



"Baby is sick!" says the Chinese mother. Father Tennien pulls out his thermometer and takes a temperature. A medical kit is a South China "must."



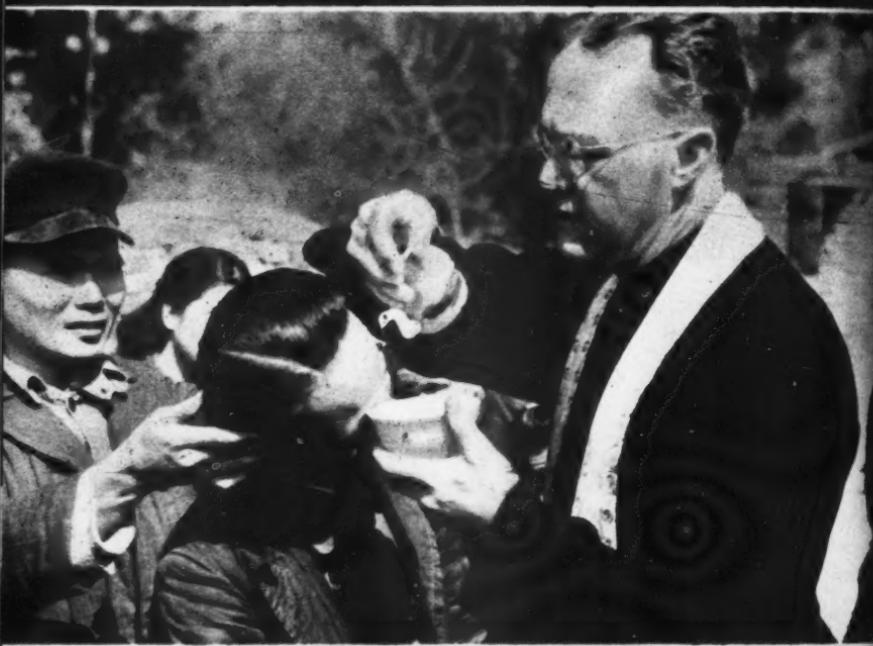
Oh my! Sometimes the best of plans go wrong. Ah Fong returns only woe-
ful howls for the Padre's smile. But a piece of sugar cane will win the day.



"What makes it go, *Shen Fu?*" The jeep now struggles over the bad roads of China. Many a small boy would like to tackle its insides with a hammer.



The practiced missioner knows exactly how he should receive a bowl of rice. With men like the mandarin, he employs the courtesies of the West.



His tireless chatter and his skill with chopsticks pay dividends by bringing him close to his people. Thus baptism day becomes a day of triumph.



"Win the pipe smokers," says a China veteran. "The pipe smokers are the same philosophers." Father Tennien helps with their long-distance stems.

Our Friend — the River Junk

by R. Russell Sprinkle

Anything can happen and usually does

IT'S BIG, DIRTY, noisy, and ugly; a floating menagerie with an un-scheduled, twenty-four-hour, three-ring circus! You swelter on its crowded decks in the daytime, and almost suffocate from its foul odors in the night. On it babies are born; and there, too, men sometimes die. You promise yourself that every trip will be your last. But after you have exhausted your vocabulary of vituperative adjectives against it, retrospection brings the realization that it is often your best friend. A sprawling, wallowing, nautical monstrosity is the Chinese junk.

The junk comes in all sizes. The big boats, which we use, are about fifty feet wide and three hundred feet long. A big junk has no motive power of its own but is pulled by a steam launch or Diesel tug. It is steered by means of an enormous rudder of wood, weighing a quarter of a ton; this rudder is moved by two men on the top of the boat, who use a clever block-and-tackle arrangement.

The larger junks carry from five hundred to eight hundred passengers. Each passenger is given a shelf

in the interior of the boat for his bunk. These shelves are built for Chinese, and the usually larger Westerner must double himself up if he wishes to fit his bed. Passengers are separated from each other by dividing boards about four inches high. No consideration is given to privacy. The space on the floor between the rows of bed-shelves is almost filled with passengers' baggage.

The junk carries a crew of about forty men. They care for the operation of the boat, the stowing and removal of cargo, and the wants of the passengers. Tea and meals are served on the junk.

The decks of the junk are piled high with cargo. Going up river, the junk carries every sort of freight imaginable. On trips down river, the cargo is usually composed of pigs, cattle, chickens, rice, peanut oil, or tea. Because of the nature of this cargo, the odors emanating from the junk

would put a skunk to flight! Cows are not too great an offense against one's nose, but the pigs smell to high heaven; and after chickens have been in baskets a few hours, they give off an overpowering stench from their



rotted feathers. Consequently, the junk soon has its own type of seasickness, caused not by motion but by smells.

Anything can happen on a junk trip, and usually does. Medicine salesmen stage impromptu shows to sell their wares.

Groups of Chinese sit in whatever available space they can find, and play cards

or merely talk. There are frequent quarrels, and once in a while a violent fight. Couples seek out comparatively quiet corners for games of chess. Every now and then some livestock gets loose, and there is excited pursuit. Not infrequently a passenger loses his balance and tumbles into the muddy waters.

On one of my many junk trips up the West River, there was a great commotion one morning. I went to discover the cause and was soon as excited as the rest of the passengers. During the wee hours a young wife on board had given birth to a girl. She had been assisted by an old farmer woman, and both mother and child had emerged from the experience unscathed. The passengers were greatly interested in the happening. A rich man advised the

new mother to throw the baby into the river, and there was much discussion over this suggestion. The mother, however, was firm in her decision to keep the child even

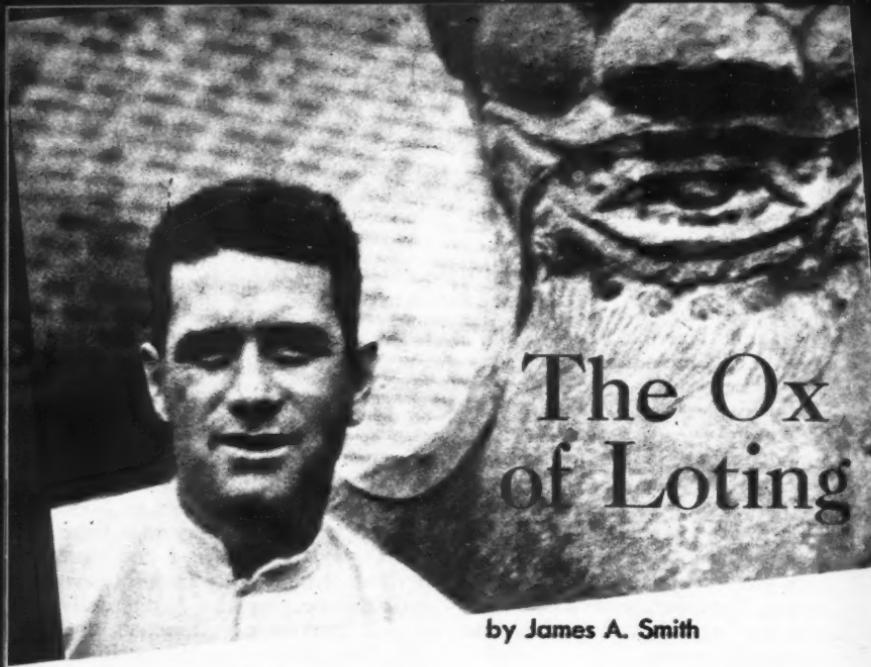
though it was a girl. She got off the boat that afternoon, and she still held her baby as she climbed the landing steps to go to her home.

There is always the threat of an upset when you travel on a junk. It is not rare to hear of a junk capsizing with the loss of hundreds of lives. Bishop Donaghay was on one of these boats when it overturned last year. Several others of our missionaries have had similar experiences. Just recently a junk capsized near Liuchau, and over four hundred people perished. Another accident, near Paksha, caused every person on the junk to drown, except a few passengers.

Yet, these boats are one of the missioner's main means of travel in South China. So every missioner looks on the junk as his friend.

The Chinese junk is a beautiful sight as it goes downstream with flags and banners flying, its sides gayly painted in brilliant hues. Yes, lovely to look at—but far from lovely to travel on!

WE BLUSH DEEPLY—The Catholic Press Association made eleven 1948 awards to newspapers and magazines for technical excellence and **MARYKNOLL**—*The Field Afar* won first place in four out of the eleven. The first prizes were: 1—gold medal as the best produced Catholic magazine in the United States; 2—best magazine cover; 3—best feature (our photo stories); 4—best photography. A second prize was awarded our editorials. In addition, three "honorable mentions" were awarded: 1—for features; 2—for photography; 3—for editorials.



The Ox of Loting

by James A. Smith

BY FAR the best-known figure along the reaches of the Loting River, in Kwangtung Province, China, is a giant of a man known as Lo Kam — Old Gold. His size alone would make him stand out among his smaller Cantonese neighbors, but size is not the only feature that has kept him before the eyes of his adopted people. This American is a big man, and he does things in a big way.

Father Robert P. Kennelly, a native of Norwalk, Connecticut, went to China in 1927. His first assignment after leaving language school was the pastorate at Loting, where Father McShane had given his life for the abandoned babies of the orphanage he had founded in that city. Except

for a visit to the United States after each ten years of service, Father Kennelly has been at Loting ever since.

When he is at home in the United States, this missioner is no longer Lo Kam. Father Kennelly's fellow priests cling to a nickname given to him in long-past, high-school days, when his power and endurance made him the strong-man of the school: to them he is still "The Ox."

Fame was thrust upon Father Kennelly early in his missionary career. In order to complete long trips to the outlying stations of his enormous parish, he had to ride horses. But the native Chinese horses are so small that Father's feet dragged on the ground. The young missioner

got around this difficulty by purchasing a second-rate Australian racer, at the track auction in Hong Kong. When the steed was up country, its advent caused a mighty stir among the people. They had never seen such a huge animal, and they refused to believe that it was a horse. Many an argument started, as Lo Kam rode by the tea houses on Red Annie. The old heads to whom the farmers looked for counsel, dismissed the matter impatiently: "Of course, it's not a horse! It's a mule. I've read about such in books." Since no one had ever seen a mule, the people let it go at that.

The priest and Red Annie became almost legendary figures throughout the area. To the sick they were a gallant knight and a fiery charger, who could speed on the wings of the wind to bring comfort in time of pain. To unruly children, they were the last word in parental correction: "If you do that again, I'll call the foreign-devil priest, and he'll come charging over the hills on that great, red, foreign-devil horse of his, and then you'll be sorry you are bad!"

That usually was a dire-enough threat for any juvenile offender. But children grow up and soon learn that the "bogy man" is only as real as the man-in-the-moon. About the time when the generation that had been held in check by fear of Red Annie, came to realize that she was nothing more than a "mule," Red Annie passed away.

Her bones were not yet dry when Lo Kam shattered the peace of the

quiet countryside with another devilish steed. This time it was made of steel, and it snorted fire! By some trick known only to foreigners, Lo Kam was able to sit on this thing of two wheels, without falling to either side. And, most wonderful of all, he was not consumed or even scorched by the fire within it! First a horse, now a "*put-put ch'e*." What will that foreign priest do next?

Well, next he went into the matrimonial market. The original orphans who had survived the first cruel days as abandoned babies, were eventually of marriageable age. They had been well trained under the watchful eyes of Maryknoll Sisters, and they had received an education far beyond that usually given to country girls. Marrying them off could be easy enough, since there were plenty of poor Catholic farmer boys who could not afford a wife at the prevailing regional price. But Father Kennelly had to think of his orphans' "face," as well as their future. To let them go too cheaply would be a cruel blow to their pride; to put a high

price on them would eliminate the very spouses he had hoped to secure for them.

Fortunately, in China there is always a way; so a poor boy who needed another hundred dollars, in order to pay the set price, suddenly found the money in his hand. He then returned it to the priest. Thus the price had been paid; the face of the girl was saved; and the young couple could live happily ever after.

For Pleasure in Giving

help educate an American boy
for the foreign
mission priest-
hood. He will
Lord and you will share in his
good works. To train him costs
more than a dollar a day.

Indeed, true happiness resulted in almost every one of the marriages arranged for the orphan girls. A chief reason is that these unions have been blessed by the birth of many sons. Nothing pleases a Chinese family more. If the exalted reputation of Lo Kam had not been made by Red Annie and the motorcycle, it certainly would have been by his canny matchmaking.

One day during the early years of the war, the Japanese bombed the mission at Loting, and Father Kennelly was badly wounded. News of the accident flew by "bamboo wireless" to every hamlet in the district. All were shocked by this misfortune to one who had been so good to them. For many days the Christians prayed to God for his recovery, while the non-Christians burned joss sticks

before their idols for him. But an "Ox" takes a lot of killing: by the careful nursing of the Sisters, he recovered, though he will always carry a few bits of shrapnel in his body.

Father Kennelly has recently returned to his mission from his second vacation in the United States. If the people of Loting are expecting something in the nature of another world-moving innovation when he returns to them, they won't be disappointed. In addition to clothing for his orphans and medicine for the sick, he is bringing back with him a seeming reincarnation of both Red Annie and the "*put-put ch'e*"! It would be interesting to hear the comments of the awed countryside when Lo Kam comes snorting into their villages in his new jeep. "What will the foreign priest do next?"

Message of a Ming Vase

A short item at the bottom of the page intrigued me, as I folded my Chinese newspaper. In a Peking alley, a beggar had been arrested for petty stealing and for having narcotics on his person. He was scrawny and in rags, and he had pleaded piteously to be set free. But the law must take its course, so he had been dragged away to jail.

Investigation proved that this beggar and opium addict was none other than the thirty-five-year-old scion of the Mings — the dynasty that ruled China for several hundred years, prior to the Manchus and during the life of St. Francis Xavier. Had the Mings not been overthrown, this very beggar would now be reigning as the awe-inspiring Son of

Heaven! What a comedown!

I mentioned the item to the Chinese teacher. He stopped warming himself by the fire — a favorite indoor sport in Manchuria. "What an analogy, Father!" he exclaimed. "Each one of us Catholics is an heir to the kingdom of Heaven. If we fall into mortal sin, we are like that Ming beggar, only spiritually, and infinitely worse! What a lesson!"

Out he went, to instruct his class of converts. There was no question as to what the topic would be that morning. As for me, when I hear any mention of a Ming vase, there is always a special personal message, for I recall that little item in the Chinese newspaper.

—Albert Murphy, Fushun

CHINESE ARTISTRY



by George L. Krock

IN ART EXHIBITS in China, one notices that the largest crowd usually gathers before the painting having the least paint on it. While Western artists think of how they can best cover a canvas with their composition, the Oriental considers ways in which he can conceal the composition with blank paper.

In Chinese painting, the main idea is often expressed in a few brush strokes in the middle distance. The foreground and background are indicated with a number of lines, between which you are left completely on your own! And there consequently is paid a very subtle compliment to the gazer, whose own memory is coaxed to finish what the master has started.

The artist seems to say: "Friend, you know this place. You and I once walked there. Here, take this brush; you can do it so much better than I."

Then the viewer's memory promptly evokes all the beauties needed to fill the scene. It is surprising how effective this can be.

Thus a man may be poling a sampan in the springtime, on otherwise blank paper. And yet in my imagination I see him moving quietly under

a flowering branch which trembles and quivers in the clear air. See—there are the bare tips of peaks, and here are some bamboo shoots and grass. I could stand there in the crowd and fill in that painting with fresh winds and bird cries, with sunshine and all the happy thoughts which I myself may have had when in such a place in a springtime long ago.

Here now is something more than a mere landscape, more than a happy mingling of clouds and mountains and men. The blank elements of paper have the power to coax me into a mood, one far more authentic than if every twig and blade of grass were there. I like this delicate courtesy of the East, this confidence of the artist in my power to feel and finish what he has started.

Chinese painting has a classic restraint that charms us, sets us wondering why anyone ever painted otherwise. And it is authentic art. In fact, it fulfills the definition and function of fine art: a representation capable of arousing a noble emotion. Its appeal is universal, as shown by the fact that art lovers of all lands appreciate and prize such painting.

A Bolivian Vignette

Fish and Soda Water

by Thomas P. Collins

GOD MUST HAVE loved Juan, because it was quite by accident that we found him and helped him to clean up everything, in the last week of his life.

It was a chance remark that sent me to the little shack behind the hospital, where Juan had been isolated on account of the contagious nature of his disease. On a rough pallet he lay, pasty-faced and shriveled, with the look that people have just before death.

He told me that he was not sleeping well, because mosquitoes kept biting during the night. Anyone who has ever been in Bolivia's jungles knows what mosquitoes can do. When I asked why he did not have a mosquito net, Juan told me that one of the nurses had taken it away. The net belonged to the hospital, and, after all, he had a contagious disease. Well, before long I got the poor fellow's mosquito net back for him and thus ended his sleepless nights.

Every time I went to visit Juan, he timidly made some little request. He had an unusual craving for fish

and soda water. Knowing that he would soon begin his eternal holiday, we heeded his whim. Christ once put a premium on a cup of cold water, so I hope it is written in the book of the Recording Angel that we equaled that offering in our own way.

During the visits to Juan, we prepared him to meet the Great Physician: we heard his confession and administered Viaticum, and Extreme Unction. During his last week, the sick man was able to receive Communion twice.

One afternoon towards the end, I paid Juan one of my customary visits. He looked about the same as ever — neither worse nor better. As I was leaving, he told me that he would like to have some more fish and soda water the next day.

When I reached home, I told Chico, our houseboy, to get the fish and soda water. The latter was easily obtained, but the fish was difficult to locate. However, when we went to the hospital the next day, we had both items.

As I entered the hospital grounds, a little girl told me that Juan had died during the night. I hastened to the shack and found him, much to my surprise, alive. But he was breathing his last, still alone, still unattended. In a few moments his labored breathing ended. As soon as his death was reported, the police took his body away for burial.

So Juan did not have a chance to enjoy the last bottle of soda water and the few slices of fish we had for him. However, I am sure that he has something infinitely better now, which he wouldn't trade for all the fish and soda water in the world.

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Clever, these Chinese Sisters



**Fresh as a daisy
after seventy miles**

by Joseph W. Regan

SISTER TERESA always makes me feel uncomfortable. There is nothing really wrong about her, but she moves too fast for an ordinary man to keep up with. Not so long ago, I took a seventy-mile bicycle ride with Sister Teresa and another Chinese Sister. We covered the whole distance in one day. Next morning I could hardly move, but Sister Teresa and her companion were up at daybreak



Kweilin's Sisters set an embarrassingly fast pace. They have patience, too. Now farming women outshine their spouses as Catholic scholars.

and busy at their work. Do you blame me for being embarrassed?

Every priest in the Kweilin Prefecture will echo a loud "Amen!" when I state that the most valuable auxiliaries we have in our mission are our Chinese Sisters. They are dynamos of activity. They know their own people, and therefore they seldom make the mistakes that are commonly made by Westerners. And most important, these Chinese Sisters reach the women.

In China, according to custom, men and women do not mix as they do in America. Even in church the sexes are separated. It is difficult for the priests to instruct women; the Sisters, however, have no such trouble. They go freely among the





In Kweilin, where 188,000 free dispensary treatments were given in one year, the Chinese Sisters are now performing much of the medical work



women, win their confidence, and persuade them to come to the mission for instruction. Patiently, they teach the doctrine and prepare the women for baptism.

The Sisters have charge of the women's sodalities, and they make the monthly meetings both instructive and entertaining. Recently after a doctrinal quiz, I walked into a classroom and found the women sitting on the floor learning to play a game of jacks called "Change cars for Boston"!

The Chinese Sisters often spend several months at a time in the country villages, teaching the women. This must be quite a sacrifice for them, because it deprives them of daily Mass and Holy Communion.



Sunday-school classes doubled in attendance when the Chinese Sisters assumed direction

Much of our dispensary work is now being carried on by our Chinese Sisters. When they make trips into the country, they give out simple remedies for the sick, and as a result, they are welcomed into the homes of the farming people. They are able to baptize many dying children and adults. The Sisters usually travel by themselves; climbing mountains, wading rivers, or repairing a bicycle is just part of their ordinary day's work.

When the missioner doesn't know what to do in a particular situation, he generally consults the native Sisters. Seldom does he make a mis-

take if he follows their advice. These loyal women are excellent at patching up little quarrels that occur among the people of a parish. They know how to say the right word at the right time.

In their spare moments, the Chinese Sisters take care of the church. Altar linens are kept immaculate, and there are always fresh flowers on the altar. The Sisters keep babies from crying during a sermon, and restrain tots from having a track meet in the aisles. They make sure that everyone goes to confession and Holy Communion.

The missioner who has the help of these clever Christian women is continually congratulating himself on his luck. As he visits his Catholics in the city or country, the missioner keeps his eyes open for any girl who might have a vocation to the Sisterhood. For he knows that, if there were enough Sisters to go around, mission work would be made much easier, and Catholics would be better Catholics.

A bishop in China summed it all up when he said to me, "Priests make converts: — but the Sisters make Christians."

The First Maryknoll Secretary

MISS EUNICE DIVVER, of Chestnut Hill, Mass., should bear the title of First Maryknoll Secretary. When the earliest plans were made, Miss Divver was Secretary for Father James A. Walsh; and she remained always deeply devoted to Maryknoll. Miss Divver passed away early in 1948. *R.I.P.*

Doc Is Now

WHEN I knew him at Maryknoll, all the seminarians called him Doc. I frequently wondered how he got the name, but it seems that he was destined to be just that — the doctor. It is a fitting nickname.

Father Martin P. Dunne, pastor of a country parish in Chile, separated by at least five hours in the saddle from his nearest fellow priest, has well earned the boyhood title of doctor. He is not only a doctor of souls in his far-flung parish among countless Indians; he is in reality their sole medical man as well. In Cholchol, it is a rare day on which the Padre is not interrupted from his many classes in school, to attend a caller who is ill or to go on horseback to minister to someone who is near death.

Father Dunne has the disposition of a good doctor, in that he never seems to be annoyed at anything, no matter how trifling or molesting. He takes his work as it comes. Sitting at the side of a pile of blankets on a straw bed, or even on the bare earth, awaiting the result of an injection or other remedy that he has given, Father Dunne has had some very interesting experiences. Indeed, he has seen God's hand actually at work,



by Leon A. Harter

in Cholchol

in the return of health to more than one poor Indian man or woman whom the missioner treated, after relatives or friends around the sickbed had given up all hope.

Unfortunately, in their ignorance, the good people, of this region usually delay to call the Padre until they are sure the sick person has no possible chance of recovery. Some, after seeing their sick suffer for days, call the priest so that their beloved ones will not have to suffer any longer. It is a common belief here that the priest's last blessing and the conferring of Extreme Unction constitute a permit to die.

Father Dunne is reaping a good harvest of souls. This was made clear to me when I recently covered Cholchol during his absence on vacation. Many are the tales I picked up of this missioner's infinite patience and charm, to say nothing of his good example. That the medicines he gives them may have their proper effect, the Doc always tells his people that they must have recourse to the great Divine Medico. His parish was abandoned for over fifteen years, and it is no wonder that Father Dunne has had very much to overcome before he could reach the fertile soil for new spiritual growth.



Daddy Gets the Cows

A good woman
usually
comes high

by Albert E. Good

DISMAS WAS IN TO SEE ME the other day. This tall, lithe, young East African let drop, during the course of our conversation, the information that he hoped soon to be married. I did not envy Dismas the tough job of bargaining that he had just concluded.

It happened that one day, as Dismas was walking along, his glance fell on a particular girl. The sight of this young lady did peculiar things to the young man's head and heart. For several days thereafter, the thoughts of Dismas were in a turmoil. When he finally realized that it was

not the sun that had struck him, but love, he immediately set about to obtain the object of his affections.

He learned that the girl was named Anna. Next he called on the young lady's father, bespoke his intentions, and inquired about the acceptable dowry. It is the custom here that the family of the groom present the bride's family with a dowry of cows.

This dowry business is a serious one, because it gives prestige to the bride and her family. Suppose the bride's father receives twenty-five cows, the maximum set by custom. This dowry means that his daughter has all the qualities to make a very exceptional wife. On the other hand, if a small number of cows are given, that arrangement is an open admission that the bride is wanting physically or mentally or is a bit elderly.

After Dismas had spoken to Anna's father, the latter called a family powwow. The whole family is concerned with dowry arrangements because, if

anything should go wrong with the marriage, the entire family would be responsible for the return of the dowry. Relatives from near and far came to the discussions, and they determined that Anna is worth twenty cows.

Dismas was then visited by Anna's father, who asked for thirty cows — a shrewd bargaining move. Dismas countered with an offer of ten cows. Back and forth went the argument. Finally Dismas stated that, although no woman in the whole world is worth twenty cows, he would offer this number to get the business settled. Anna's father then replied that he would agree to take a loss and settle for twenty cows.

After this agreement, Dismas and his family set to work to assemble the cows. They took what animals they had on hand, and bought more. This is where the affair stood when Dismas visited me. In a few days, Dismas will drive the cows to Anna's village. Anna's father will count and appraise the cows. If the father accepts the proffered dowry, Dismas and Anna will be formally engaged.

The final act will take place in the groom's village. All the relatives and friends of both sides will gather for

No Strings

The mission fields and the home Knolls have many needs. If you cannot decide which need is greatest, make your gift "stringless." We prefer such.

the marriage feast, with its symbolic ceremonies, according to old custom. Only after the feast, will the Padri enter the scene for the marriage ceremony.

Not all the tribes in British East Africa use the dowry system, though the majority do. The dowry system has good and bad points. Theoretically, any girl is free to refuse marriage. But family pressure and ancient custom are so powerful that a girl would need exceptional courage to decide against the planned union.

The dowry system has a beneficial effect in that it gives permanency to marriage, particularly among non-Christians. No family likes to return the dowry! When the dowry is returned, that establishes a divorce.

By the native custom, a man here can have as many wives as he can afford dowries. It is the rule for pagans to have more than one wife, and some men have as many as nine.

The dowry system does place the pagan wife in a slightly higher category than her pagan sister who was not married according to this system. I say slightly, because paganism is about the same everywhere, and the position of women here is nothing to brag about, at best.

We Read About It — and Put Out the Fire!

WHEN fire broke out in our kitchen, it was a honey. Father Curran and I immediately thought of a recent article on water foam in *The Reader's Digest*. So, instead of dashing our buckets of water into one place, we splashed the water on sparingly. The result was almost unbelievable: a cloud of steam formed, and smothered the fire. The Chinese hereabouts think we are magicians.— *Father Russell Sprinkle, Wuchow, South China.*

"I Will Make You to be Fishers of Men"

OUR LORD SPOKE those words two thousand years ago. You can say them today!

He was talking to certain boatmen, who straightway left their nets and followed Him. They lived with Him, heard His words, watched what He did, pondered what He must be; and at last, adequately prepared, they went out to obey His command, "Teach ye all nations!"

Down the centuries, other men have followed in their footsteps. Now, as never before, the mission field, harrowed by war and suffering, is ready to receive and nurture the seed that His apostles sow.

More than eight hundred young men are making ready at Maryknoll for Our Lord's ministry. Our buildings were designed for four hundred. By putting in double-deck bunks, by crowding classrooms and dining halls, we have almost doubled our enrollment. But another two hundred candidates have applied — and there are more hundreds still to come.

As everyone knows, costs are rising. Food, textbooks, paper, blankets — all the things we use — require more money. We have economized, and will continue to do so; but there is a limit to what economy can accomplish.

And so — on one side are the faraway lands, calling for missionaries; and on the other are throngs of young Americans, ready to give their lives to the service of their Lord.

In between, we find Maryknoll, trying to make crowded buildings and insufficient beds, chairs, and blackboards serve too many students. We know that, however many we accept, more must be refused or be told to wait. We know that each prospective missioner turned away means a possible five thousand converts lost, with the generations of their families after them!

Whatever Maryknoll has done, has been done by your support. We have used your money always — we have none of our own. We can accomplish only what you permit and pay for. Will you say now to our young, would-be apostles, "I will make you to be fishers of men" — and back your promise with a financial sacrifice? Will you fill in and mail the form below, NOW?

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York.

Here is \$ _____ toward building the new Maryknoll Seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois, to train more missioners. I'll send more when I can.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____



BIG Business in Children

WHEN you were a youngster, probably your mother or your teacher in school prompted you to give your penny and say your prayers for your less fortunate brothers and sisters in non-Christian lands. It may be that you were well along in years before you understood clearly that this world-wide business of helping the needy among the very young was carried on by the Holy Childhood Association.

I had the happiness to attend the Holy Childhood centenary in Paris last year at which we commemorated the foundation made in 1843.

By **Frederick G. Heinzmann**





ALL HAIL TO THE HOLY CHILD

A HUNDRED years ago, missionaries in China deeply stirred Bishop Forbin-Janson of France by their description of the destitution of so many children. Then they prompted the saintly Bishop to found the Holy Childhood Association.

Today the Holy Childhood has become an integral part of the way of life of all well-trained, Catholic young people. The tiny tot in the ideal Catholic home is taught to be good to Mother and Dad and sisters and brothers; to love Grandma and the lady next door. Then he must be kind to poor people and to everybody in trouble. Finally, he prays for all other boys and girls everywhere, especially those in pagan lands who don't know Jesus or



HOLY CHILDHOOD ASSOCIATION!

Jesus' Mother.

To help babies in pagan lands, so that they won't be hungry and so that they can be baptized, our tiny tot learns to give his pennies. Such giving is the beginning of the good Catholic's life efforts to spread the Faith over the world.

This philosophy of love and concern for children all over the world is today the mark of the well-brought-up Catholic child; this teaching of the Church is well understood, thanks to the Holy Childhood.

All hail to the Holy Childhood Association! Maryknoll owes it a priceless debt, since so many of Maryknoll's finest missionaries obtained their first pulsing love for the unwon hours of the earth through the Holy Childhood.



Hundred Years Old. None of us who attended the centenary celebration of the Holy Childhood Association at Paris felt that we were honoring a hoary old veteran hobbling with age. The great Cathedral of Notre Dame was gay with decorations, and prominent in the assembly were eight thousand children, all little Parisian associates, who had no

thought for the yesterdays but were very much interested in today and tomorrow.

The speakers, also, emphasized tomorrow. "We look with confidence," said Monsignor Bressolles, of Canada, the orator of the day, "on this world, which trembles to its foundations, but on which one can perceive the approach of God."





Corporal Weda, P. O. W.

WHEN FOUR MEN recently climbed the thirteen steps that led to the scaffold of Los Banos Army Camp, to receive the death penalty for their war crimes, three of the four condemned men had been a few days earlier, received into the Catholic Church. Their conversion was brought about by a small, energetic, fellow prisoner of war — Corporal Iwao Weda, machine gunner.

Corporal Weda was actually Father Weda, a priest of the Maryknoll territory of Kyoto, Japan. Father Weda received a training for the priesthood that could certainly be called a liberal education. It included three years of philosophy and four years of theology, the latter being interrupted by an enforced hitch of three years with the infantry in China. After his army release, he completed his studies and was ordained in 1944.

For three months, Father Weda did parish work at St. Francis Xavier Church, Kyoto, then the draft caught him again. Since the Japanese Army does not recognize chaplains, he was assigned as a machine gunner in an infantry division doing occupational work on Luzon. It was there he was taken prisoner.

At Luzon Prisoner of War Camp

The machine gunner
scored
a bull's-eye

by Captain Edwin J. Duffy

No. One, Father Weda was able to resume the priestly work he had begun in Tokyo. Though he was a prisoner himself, United States Army authorities gave him permission to work among the thousands of ex-soldiers with whom he was interned. For the first time since he had been drafted, he was able to say Mass.

The United States Army chaplain assigned to the camp was Father Martin Bundy, of Brooklyn. He had learned to speak a little Japanese, and he would join Father Weda in making the rounds of the various prison compounds. Their visits through the barbed-wire enclosures enabled them to discover several Japanese seminarians and a number of Japanese Catholics.

A small tent erected in each of the different compounds, served as a chapel and instruction center. Cath-

olic bulletin boards were erected, and articles on religion were posted for all to read. A little newspaper in Japanese was mimeographed and distributed among the prisoners. Father Weda arranged his instruction classes for weekdays. On Sunday, he offered Mass in three different parts of the stockade.

The most interesting work that Father Weda and Bundy did was with the Japanese who were to be hanged or shot for war crimes committed in the Philippines. These men, who were tried at Manila, were executed at the Army Camp at Los Banos. It was here that General Yamashita was hanged, and here General Homma was shot after he had faced towards Tokyo and dramatically shouted, "Banzai!"

Father Weda spent considerable time visiting the men who were awaiting either trial or execution. Father Weda had classes for them. The result was that a great number of condemned men received a thor-

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Captain Edwin J. Duffy is a member of the United States Army Chaplain Corps. He is a priest of the New York Archdiocese and was stationed as a curate near Maryknoll before he entered the service. Captain Duffy is attached to the 34th Infantry, and succeeded Father Bundy in the Lunson Camp. He calls himself "a Maryknoller at heart."

ough course of instruction before they were taken to Los Banos to be executed.

The two priests accompanied all Catholics to the gallows. When the

body of the hanged man would drop through the trap door, one of the priests would walk under the platform and anoint the man through a slit that had been made in the black

cloth hood which had been placed over the condemned man's head. The bodies were left hanging until the men were officially declared dead — usually in about fifteen minutes — so the sacrament was administered in good time.

On one occasion, four men brought to Los Banos to be hanged included a major, a captain, a sergeant, and a corporal. The two officers had been baptized by Father Weda some time earlier. At Los Banos, Father Weda talked for a long time with the sergeant and the corporal. On the night before execution, they were baptized. All four condemned men attended Mass and received Holy Communion, the sergeant and the corporal for the first and last time. An hour later the four men were on their way to the gallows and heaven.

On another night, during a raging typhoon, Father Bundy put on his raincoat and rain helmet and drove to Los Banos, where four Japanese Buddhists were to be executed. Father Weda had visited these men many times and spoken about the Catholic Faith. That same night, in

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a tropical downpour, four new Japanese Catholics were hanged. All had been baptized by Father Bundy. The last man was baptized just ten minutes before the time for the hangings to begin.

Today, almost all of the Japanese prisoners have been returned to Japan. Father Weda is back with his Maryknoll confreres in Kyoto. Father Bundy is busy saving souls in a parish on Long Island. Much good was done for the Church during the short period that the Prisoner of War Camp was in existence.

The Catholic Church in Japan is still pitifully small. The last figures I saw showed only 130,000 Catholics in a population of 70,000,000. While many converts have been made since the war, these gains hardly offset the large number of Catholics killed in bombings — particularly in the great Catholic centers of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, which underwent atomic bombings.

Yet there are many reasons for real optimism about the future of the Church in Japan. Japanese Catholics are solid in their faith. The glorious history of the Church in Japan, which includes so many thousands of martyrs for the Faith, cannot but be a source of grace to the Japanese people today. It is interesting, too, to note that, among the Holy Father's twelve mission intentions for 1948, five concern Japan.

In God's own way, the work that was done among the Japanese prisoners on Luzon will have, we hope, an influence on the conversion of Japan. If this comes to pass, a little Japanese machine gunner will receive much of the credit.



THE CATHOLIC is deeply devoted to the poor, the sick, the unlettered of the earth. But he bears in mind that each man's greatest need is peace with his God; his most important duty, the worship of his God. "... that all nations may know that thou alone art God in all the earth" (Tob. 8:19). For the worship of God, God Himself has supplied all peoples with that sublimest vehicle of worship, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Our greatest missionary duty is to give the Mass to men.



On Their Way...

HAVE YOU ever thought of going away? For thirty years, groups of Maryknoll missionaries have been departing for outposts in foreign lands.

The missionaries go to distant countries, to hardships, to dangers. But, and this is more important, they go to opportunities for helping others. They go to souls who need the saving grace of Baptism, the great blessings of all the sacraments and of the corporal works of mercy.

Yours may not be a vocation to the mission fields, but you can go part way with the missionaries. How? By helping to supply the travel and equipment expenses they need to get to their missions. Those who share in a missionary's sacrifice, share in his reward.

Each missionary needs \$500. This is his *ticket to the missions* — \$500. Will you buy, or help to buy, a *ticket to the missions* and send YOUR missionary to those who need him?

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

I enclose \$ _____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name _____

Street _____ *Zone* _____

City _____ *State* _____



Wrong Road to Salustiano

by Robert F. Fransen

EARLY THIS MORNING Jose stopped in to say good-bye before starting the long trek back into the jungle. As he left, he remarked: "By the way, Padre, I suppose you know that Salustiano died. A week ago. Very peaceful death, too."

So now I have the answer to my little puzzle.

It began about two months ago. Because I had not visited the central of Soledad in some time, I was very anxious to make the trip. When I had all details arranged, and my bag packed, I was obliged, by an unexpected happening, to postpone the trip. Once again plans were made — and once again, a forced postponement. It was as if some fate was keeping me from Soledad.

While waiting for the trip to be reorganized, I decided to visit another central named Maco. Though I stayed in Maco only a few days, I made the acquaintance of a young rubber worker whom I had never met before. His name was Salustiano. This poor fellow made it a point of avoiding visitors. He was afflicted

with tuberculosis of the throat, and his lips were so swollen that his face was a very unpleasant sight. He could hardly whisper.

By questioning, I learned that, although Salustiano had a family, his marriage had never been blessed by the Sacrament of Matrimony. Salustiano said that he was quite willing to be married some time in the future, after he should be well again. Only by much persuasion was the sick man made to realize that he might never get well. Finally Salustiano saw the sense of my arguments. He made a good confession. On the same day he received two sacraments — Matrimony and Extreme Unction. Next day I left Maco, and I have not been free to visit it again.

That's all there is to the story, which ends with the news of Salustiano's death. Now I know why I was not able to make my trips to Soledad; why, for some unforeseen reason, the trip was postponed each time. Perhaps some day I shall know why God gave the great grace to Salustiano. But even now I understand better the workings of God.

HOW?

HOW? HOW? HOW?
HOW? HOW? HOW?
HOW? HOW? HOW?
HOW? HOW? HOW?
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HOW? HOW? HOW?

QUESTIONS FROM THE WOMAN'S WORLD—ANSWERED BY MARY MANSFIELD

HOW DOES A TURKISH HOUSE-WIFE MAKE STRAWBERRY JAM?

Hull and wash two pounds of strawberries and lay them in layers in a copper caldron, the two pounds of berries heavily sprinkled with one pound of sugar. Thensqueeze the juice of several lemons on top, and allow the whole to stand overnight. The next morning put the caldron on the brazier and cook slowly, until the berries grow plump and the liquid thickens to the consistency of honey. An expert Turkish cook so contrives that the berries remain as whole and appetizing as if freshly picked. Cooking must not go on too long, lest there be a slightly burnt taste.

HOW IS VOODOO PRACTICED IN HAITI?

A century ago voodoo, as Vodun worship, was practiced with official approval in Haiti. Now the Haitians are ashamed of voodoo, and it is practiced only among the very ignorant. A Haitian scholar, Bellegarde, says:

"All too often, the religious aspects of the Haitian nation have been presented in terms of the spectacular and the grotesque . . . The voodoo dance is nothing but an amusement. At certain periods of the year, some of the people meet to dance to the beat of the drum, the ringing of bells,

of a triangle, and of the *cata*. They kill a lamb, chicken, or guinea fowl — to be eaten. There are doubtless superstitious practices, but they must not be exaggerated. The beliefs of the Haitian of the lower class are indeed



childish and are explained by his ignorance. It is important to note that all our people are Christians."

HOW DOES A JAPANESE CATHOLIC USE THE TOKONOMA?

The best room in a Japanese home is the parlor. Here is found the alcove that is called the *tokonoma*, in which non-Christians keep their Shinto-god shelf or shelves. In the *tokonoma* of many families in Japan, are found exquisitely fashioned ceremonial dolls and other figures.

In Catholic homes, the Church has encouraged the adaption of the *tokonoma* into a shrine to the Sacred Heart, to Our Lady, or to saints of special devotion. Certain family

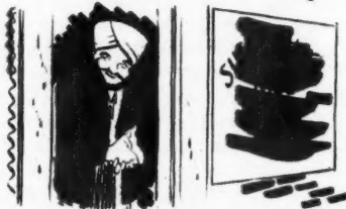
treasures, also, are kept in the *tokonoma*.

HOW DO GRAIN FIELDS HELP MANCHU BANDITS?

On the plains of Manchuria, fields of sorghum stretch for miles. This grain at full height grows to fourteen feet; consequently, riders on horseback can move through the fields and not be detected. Hence, the weeks just before harvest are the dangerous period, when bandits are most active. It was "when the sorghum was high" that the Maryknoller, Father Jerry Donovan, of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, was captured by bandits, who later put him to death.

HOW DOES A POOR MAN GET A LOAN IN INDIA?

Usually he goes to a usurer and pays 3% per month, or more than 36% per year. In a few places, Catholics and other charitable persons have started loan co-operatives, from which the poor members can borrow small sums. They pay 1% per



month. It is found that 9% of the interest remains with the co-operative for further loans, while the remainder is needed to pay expenses.

Other co-operatives loan seed grain. A Catholic farmer borrows a

bushel of seed rice, and pays back a bushel and a quarter. Usurers loan one bushel and require two in return.

HOW ARE BANANAS EATEN IN UGANDA?

The banana is the staple food in Uganda, as spaghetti is in Italy, or rice in China. The Great Lakes region of East Africa is a banana country. It has over a hundred species, some of which fit in the vegetable class, while others, more delicate, pass as fruit.

Hence we may sit down to a meal in Uganda and start with boiled and mashed unripe banana. This is a



vegetable that suggests a similar vegetable at home, squash. As beverage during the meal, we may receive banana juice, which is almost sickishly sweet. At the end of the meal, we eat choice aristocrats of the banana world, which glory in the title of fruit.

HOW DO SHOPS ANNOUNCE THEIR WARES IN CHILEAN VILLAGES?

The butcher hangs out a red flag when he has killed an animal and has meat to sell. The baker puts out a white flag when he has made fresh bread.

Two Roads to Making Converts

by Bernard F. Meyer

FATHER WONG and I have been discussing mission methods. It would seem that there are two main lines to be followed concurrently (the same is true in Catholic Action). One line is public relations, the matter of becoming known; the other is motivation of the individual to take the step of conversion.

These two lines are distinct. Again and again, one has seen mission works such as dispensaries, hospitals, schools, and other institutions become the talk of the countryside, and yet result in few conversions. Good public relations have been built up, but individual hearts have not been reached.

Our Lord's organization of public relations was on a large scale. He founded a considerable community, with headquarters at Capharnaum. There were the Twelve, His mother, the disciples, and the holy women. He went about through all Palestine, not once but several times, healing the sick and preaching. With Him always went a number of His community. He sent both apostles and disciples to preach and to heal.

The motivation of conversion was

connected with the Divine Missioner and His community. His works of love were not performed in a professional way. He gave personal service to those whom He cured, often journeying long distances to do good when He could have remained where He was. People saw, also, not a single missioner, but a community where love reigned, and they were attracted to it. There was a spirit in that community, which they wanted to share.

The missioner of today must do more than get his people to attend Mass and receive the sacraments. He must make them a community, engender in them a social spirit that will attract others. It was the spirit of corporateness among the early Christians that converted Rome. Today we stress individual fulfillment of duties, and we tend to neglect the Christian family spirit and the Christ-love that embraces all.

The missions are filled with Christian communities that have faith, a deep faith that they would die for, but no enthusiasm for conversions. To them, religion has become a matter of personal fidelity to duty; they have forgotten that they possess a message, good tidings, a wonderful thing that they should want others to know. Among old Catholics, one rarely hears of a worked-out program for making contacts with non-Catholics; a program for teaching the Christians to be apostles as were the Christians of Rome.

No non-Christian should be expected to reason himself into the Church. The outsider must be led to divine truth almost entirely through divine goodness as exemplified by its human representative.

A One-Picture Story



TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF might be the title for this photo which shows the beginnings of the new Maryknoll College in Glen Ellyn, suburb of Chicago. Rt. Rev. Msgr. George J. Casey, Vicar General of the Chicago archdiocese, does the first spadework to break ground. The interested observers on the right are Msgr. Patrick J. Hayes, pastor of Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, and Bishop Lane, Maryknoll's Superior General. The new college will give Maryknoll room for 400 more missioners-to-be.

What Must We Pay for World Peace?

Destruction

After so many centuries of struggle and effort, there is still no spiritual peace in the hearts of a billion pagan men; and there is no well-established prospect of external peace in the plans, counsels, or hopes of any men. Dissension, division, strife, and war are so common as to seem almost normal, while peace is so elusive and uncommon as to appear almost unattainable. The destructive power of war has meanwhile become so formidable, and the cost of it to the human race so devastating and incalculable, that all responsible men are now searching in deep anxiety for some means to outlaw and banish it forever as a factor in human affairs. Peace was desirable when men fought with bows and arrows. It is a necessity when they annihilate each other in enormous masses with atom bombs. That is, it is a necessity if God's experi-



Let us in a spirit of thanksgiving foster vocations for the foreign missions. We should prepare to send thousands. This foreign missionary force will mean a more intensive cultivation of our home mission fields. Sacrifices for the missions, especially through vocations, will mean better-organized parishes and will assure parishioners who will be more generous to local needs.

—John T. McNicholas, D.D.

ment with a race of self-determining men is to be even moderately successful, and if humanity is to be saved from burying itself in one common grave. All men in this age need a world of external peace simply in order to live.

Construction

In order to have stable peace in the world, it is not necessary that all men or all nations be Christian, but it is necessary that both men and nations partake in some degree of the benefits of Christian civilization.

Basic human rights, living space, work, food, and some semblance of social brotherhood, must needs be extended or guaranteed in some efficacious manner, to the races of the earth, in order to create the atmosphere of justice and equality in which men will consent to peace. No man wants peace when his wife and children are starving and no man is

concerned to preserve a peace in which he finds himself disregarded, discriminated against, and denied his human rights.

It is most difficult to maintain peace in the face of such conditions, particularly when they exist in world-wide proportions. It is necessary to improve these conditions without delay. It is not necessary to wait until the whole problem will be automatically solved by the universal acceptance of the moral law. It is better to create, here and now, conditions that accord with the moral law. Only a just and benevolent treatment of men and nations can enable a state of peace to last. Human rights and economic well-being are needs that have waited for thousands of years and they can wait no longer.

Peace

Peace cannot coexist with worldwide injustice and misery. It cannot be created solely by the patchwork and compromises of political adjustment. It remains a question if the present age can create it at all. "Humanity has barely come from the horrors of a cruel war," said Pope Pius XII, in his Christmas Address of 1946, "the results of which fill her still with anguish, and she now gazes with amazement on the yawning abyss between the hopes of yesterday and the realizations of today, an abyss which the most persistent efforts can bridge over only with difficulty, because man, who is

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

Maryknoll P. O., New York

capable of destruction, is not always himself capable of reconstruction."

Man will not be capable of the necessary reconstruction, unless he realizes the immense difficulty of the undertaking and the absolute necessity of sacrificing every selfish interest in its favor. Man can make peace, if he is wise enough to construct it according to the principles of Christ. He can preserve it, if he is energetic enough to extend the decencies and advantages of Christian civilization to his brother men.

MY BOOK ABOUT GOD



Bishops in practically every State of the Union have written us letters in praise of **MY BOOK ABOUT GOD**. We are going to tell you a few of the fine things they said about this gorgeous, full-color storybook.

"Exquisitely and expertly done... The little ones of Christ's flock will find it delightful and instructive." — *Nevada*

"Emphasizes a tremendous need, an appreciation that all men are the children of God." — *Kansas*

"Really good; make-up attractive." — *Illinois*

"Will be well received by school teachers and superintendents." — *Louisiana*

"Highest type of pedagogy. I am sure that little children will learn to know and love God much more because of it." — *Ohio*

"It will do more than all our conferences to create real brotherhood." — *Texas*

"Satisfies a most blessedly useful need in planting the seed of the world apostolate in the minds of small children." — *New York*

"Beautifully written and beautifully illustrated... will be warmly received by all who instruct our children." — *Connecticut*

"Delighted... look forward to seeing the succeeding volumes." — *Minnesota*

"Children will love it, will learn many an unforgettable lesson from it." — *Iowa*

"Will plant the seed of the world apostolate in small children." — *Michigan*

"A lovely contribution to the mission education of our little ones." — *Washington*

"Excellent! Fills a great need." — *Massachusetts*

"A lovely piece of work. Maryknoll is to be congratulated!" — *California*

MY BOOK ABOUT GOD is a Macmillan publication. It sells for \$2 a copy, at Maryknoll or at your bookstore.

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\$7.50 Value for \$5.40

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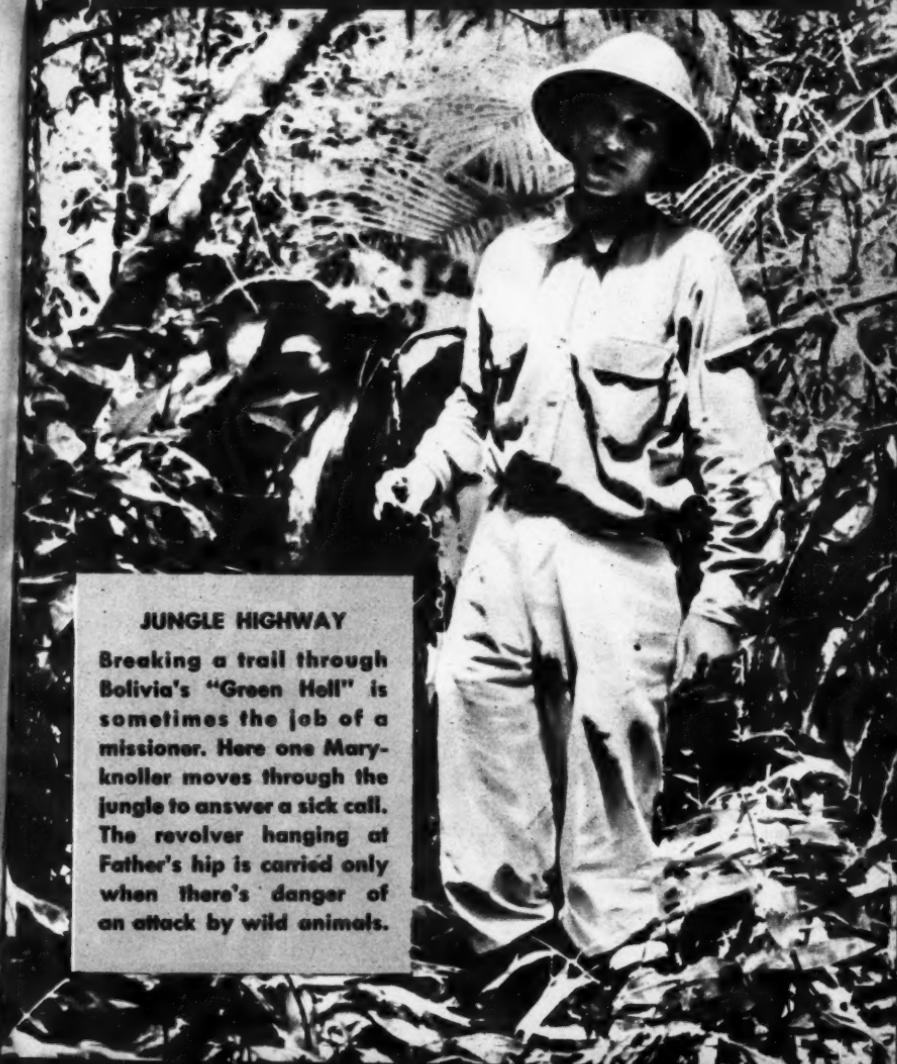
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The Job of Getting Around!

A PHOTO STORY



JUNGLE HIGHWAY

Breaking a trail through Bolivia's "Green Hell" is sometimes the job of a missionary. Here one Maryknoller moves through the jungle to answer a sick call. The revolver hanging at Father's hip is carried only when there's danger of an attack by wild animals.



Most roads in the Chilean countryside are good enough for motor vehicles. California's Father Melvin Cowan uses a motorcycle to cover his parish.



For short trips the bicycle is an old stand-by. Father Richard Smith, of Collins, New York, brings home his groceries by means of pedal-power.



New York City gave Father Stephen Foody little opportunity for riding horses. Now south of the border he efficiently gets about in a saddle.



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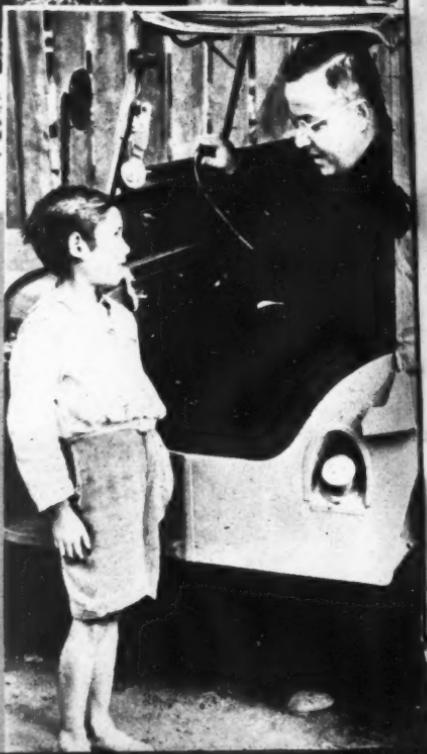


New York City gave Father Stephen Foody little opportunity for riding horses. Now south of the border he efficiently gets about in a saddle.



When everything else fails, the missioner can resort to foot power. Father Donald Cleary, of Newark, finds walking the best means of climbing Peru's Andes.

For friendly going, Father Leon Harter, of Pennsylvania, finds the jeep the answer in Chile. He likes to pull to the side of the road and chat with his friends.



With the Maryknoll Sisters

JAPAN • MANCHURIA • KOREA • HAWAII

PHILIPPINES • PANAMA • NICARAGUA

CHINA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA • CAROLINE ISLANDS

Converting Husbands — There's more than ukulele strumming and moonlight in Hawaii. In the city of Honolulu alone, 105 lay women are teaching religion in the public schools. Two of our Sisters, working in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, train the women and supervise the teaching of 4,050 pupils.

Some of the by-products of this work are amusing as well as gratifying. Four husbands of enthusiastic teachers learned more than they realized, as they helped their wives prepare lesson plans and check papers over the family table. Two returned to the sacraments after years of indifference; one was converted from Mormonism. The fourth went the whole way: he asked to handle a class himself and is now working with a group of boys whom everyone else was ready to give up.

Bicycle Built for — Remember the little steel frame over the rear wheel of the bicycle, the place where you used to strap your school books? Well, in China, men who own bicycles put a cushion on the frame — and the bicycle becomes a taxi!

In the Kaying mission, the Maryknoll Sisters often walk fifteen miles a day, visiting Christians. Sister Mag-

dalena describes the experience when they ride:

"Ah me, those rides on the back of the bicycle, sitting a-straddle behind the Chinese driver! You mount with inward grunts and groans. You go along then, clutching desperately to the iron spring on the bottom of the driver's seat, for there is nothing else to hold on to. At every bump, your nose prods the driver's back. Sometimes, you must hold an umbrella over his head, if it's raining.

"It always amuses me how many acquaintances you meet when you are in this predicament. You turn to the left and right, shouting greetings and messages, as you go dashing by: 'Be sure to come to Mass on Sunday!' 'I'll see you at the Sodality meeting.' 'Mrs. Li at T'an Ha has died; go and pray at her house.' "

Can You Top This?

"One woman, herself a Chinese, is bringing up a little Japanese orphan whose parents are gone. She loves him and he loves her. She proudly made the little fellow take off his mitten and show us that he could make the Sign of the Cross."

—*Fushun Sisters*

Juana Leads a Triple Life

Juana the First holds a stall right at the busiest corner of the market in Malabon. Presiding over bushel baskets of rice of varying qualities and prices, she can judge to a nicety any sample presented to her. A burying of her hands in the white grains, a trickling through her fingers, a rubbing of grain against grain; then: "Hmm, good *ilong-ilong*, but not the new harvest. I give you nine pesos a *kaban*."

But there is more than rice on Juana's mind. Now and again, she calls out some message. "Ay, you, Totoy! You did not come last Sunday. No good will come of that sort of thing."

She pulls an urchin from the crowd. "Tell your Nanay I will bring the priest to see her this afternoon."

The message may concern a marriage to be rectified, or a wily feminine snare to get a husband back to the sacraments. Juana is involved in all sorts of things like that.

Juana Number Two is quite different, seemingly. She lives with her beloved old folks, in the four-room nipa hut behind Malabon's motion-

picture "palace." There she has gathered all the unwanted old people in town. She cooks for them, sews for them, straightens out their petty tangles, thinks up little treats for them. Other charitable women help pay the bills, but Juana slaves for the old folks personally.

We got to know Juana the Third before we knew either of her other selves. Each dawn, as we go into our huge, ruined Spanish church for Mass, someone is there, in addition to the bats wheeling and squeaking high in the desolate arches. A woman is kneeling motionless when we enter, and she is still there when we leave. This is Juana's truest self.

We seven Sisters at Malabon have a big school on our hands, and a rapidly growing horde of poor, little raggle-taggles to whom we teach catechism on Sunday afternoons.

"Will you come to teach the little children?" I asked Juana.

"Yes, Madre," she said immediately.

Everyone calls Juana "Aling." That means "Big Sister," and she is, indeed a big sister to all in Malabon.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

DEAR SISTERS:

The enclosed \$_____ will help you in training missionary Sisters and sending them to pagan lands.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I will send \$_____ each month to help support a Maryknoll Sister. Please send me a reminder. I understand, that, if for any reason I am unable to go on, I shall be free to discontinue this aid at any time.

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Sister Imelda (left in the upper photo), the Regional Superior of the Maryknoll Sisters in South China, and Sister Moira, Superior in Wuchow, do an errand in Hong Kong. The first Maryknoll Sisters went to China in the early 1920's. Hence newly-arrived rookies such as Sister Maria Petru (lower photo) belong to another generation. Some 75 Maryknoll Sisters are now working in South China.



The Maryknoll Roundup

Mountain Tragedy. Behind the Wan-fau mission, are the famous marble mountains from which comes stone used in making table-tops and memorial tablets. Father James E. Fitzgerald, of Medford, Mass., reports that the marble mountains are beautiful to look at but deadly to work on. "Last month I buried the latest victim of the mountains," writes the Wan-fau pastor. "Leung Kam Mooi was setting off a blast with a makeshift fuse — a twist of bamboo paper with gun-powder down the center. The fuse kept going out, and Leung kept going back to blow on it. The last time he went back, the blast went off in his face. He was blown from the cliff and fell down a hundred feet. He died instantly. I buried him on a low hill just behind the mountain that took his life."



Father Fitzgerald

Domestic Arson. "It is the custom down in Luo-land, Africa, that husbands should beat their wives every once in a while, to show who is boss of the household," writes Father Joseph Glynn, of Dorchester, Mass. Father relates the story of a lady named Magdalena. "It seems



Father Glynn

that Magdalena did not take kindly to these beatings. Magdalena's husband had another unpleasant habit, that of locking his spouse in their hut every time he went to visit friends. One day when she had been locked in, Magdalena took a spear, made a hole in the mud wall, and crawled out. She proceeded to smash all the furniture. Finally, she set the hut on fire. Later she appeared at the mission, seeking refuge. When the husband returned to the village and learned of the fire, he bemoaned the loss of his poor Magdalena in the holocaust. Eventually he was told that she was at the mission. The couple are now reconciled. Magdalena scored on one point: she now goes visiting with her husband."

Bee-bee, the "Bishop." Father Stephen B. Edmonds, of Cambridge, Mass., sends this item from South China: "The Topong mission is a beehive of activity. One of our oldest Christians, Bee-bee by name, who has been known for years as the 'Bishop of Topong,' claims that he has never seen the mission so busy. Bee-bee, who was baptized in 1903, showed himself a stalwart Christian three years ago, when the mission was under attack from bandits at a time when the real Bishop, the seminarians, and the Chinese



Father Edmonds

Sisters were here. Bee-bee volunteered to act as middle man, and he went outside the gates to negotiate with the bandits, although he knew that the act might cost him his life. His only request was that, if he should die, the Bishop and priests would each offer Mass for him. He succeeded, and no Requiem Masses were necessary."

Lady Pallbearers. "I never thought I should live to see it," writes Father Arthur Brown, of Allston, Mass., from Nuble, Chile. "A funeral Mass



Father Brown

was scheduled for nine o'clock last Saturday. When no one had appeared by 9:30, I began to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. As I turned for the first 'Dominus Vobiscum,' there was a commotion at the church door. Lo and behold! I saw four women, struggling and swaying as they carried the casket of their departed grandmother! By the sound

of their grunts and groans, I knew that the women were having a hard time. After Mass, I persuaded four men to carry the old lady out."

Badges of Love. Twelve young Japanese men who make up the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Kyoto, Japan, are now providing relief for one thousand families a week. Our Japan correspondent, Father John C. Murrett, of Buffalo, informs us that the young men have a



Father Murrett

unique badge to wear during their charitable activities. The badge is shaped like a human heart, to denote charity; a cross is superimposed to give a motif of sacrifice. The background of the heart is red; the cross is gold; and two shields, for faith and hope, are green. The president of the Society, who designed the badge, told his fellow Vincentians, "Ask yourself if you have engraved this design in your heart."

MARYKNOLL HOUSES IN THE UNITED STATES

Maryknoll Brothers' Novitiate
1075 W. Market Street
AKRON 3, Ohio

Maryknoll Novitiate
The Maryknoll Fathers
BEDFORD, Mass.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
71 Jewett Parkway
BUFFALO 14, N. Y.

Maryknoll Junior College
LAKEWOOD, N. J.

426 S. Boyle Avenue
LOS ANGELES 33, Calif.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
6700 Beechmont Avenue
CINCINNATI 30, Ohio

Maryknoll Apostolic College
CLARKS SUMMIT, Pa.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
20 Newton Street
BROOKLINE 46, MASS.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
9001 Dexter Blvd.
DETROIT 6, Mich.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
1421 N. Astor Street
CHICAGO 10, Ill

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
MOUNTAIN VIEW, Calif.

121 E. 39th Street
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
4569 W. Pine Blvd.
ST. LOUIS 8, Mo.

1492 McAllister Street
SAN FRANCISCO 15, Calif.

514-16th Avenue
SEATTLE 22, Wash.

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

"Help me — I'm Hungry!" "I'm sick — I Need Aid!" "Come Quick — I'm in Trouble!" Every Maryknoller hears such appeals constantly, and it is his job to do something. Missions need emergency funds to meet sudden calls. We ask our friends to supply all or part of \$500, for general charities in Japan.

Shipwreck. Bishop Escalante, in Bolivia, writes that his supplies were lost at sea—organ, Mass wine, and mission equipment. One month later an accident on the Amazon caused another loss of mission supplies. The list of needs is too long — the Bishop asks for help. Any donation, large or small, will be appreciated.

Priests are Scarce in Guatemala. But one good catechist, under the direction of a priest, can contact nearly 1,000 people a month. Father McCleary wishes to hire a dozen catechists, but he must find \$15 to subsidize each one. Can you help?

The Holy Family Seminary, Wuchow, China, moving out of the hills and into classrooms gutted by war, needs 50 new desks, \$200; a monstrance, \$40; firewood and charcoal for a year, \$600; cooking oil for a year, \$300.

Any Room Becomes a Church when an altar is in it; any table becomes an altar, when the missioner opens his Mass kit and arranges the fittings. Such kits, compact yet of dignity and worth, cost \$150. We ask aid in getting three Mass kits.



Confession means as much to Indians as to you. Who will buy a confessional for the Quintana Roo mission, in Central America? The confessional will cost only \$20.

City of Five Flowers Church, China, is starting from scratch. Father Trube is scratching for \$5,000, to buy the land and put up a building for his new mission.

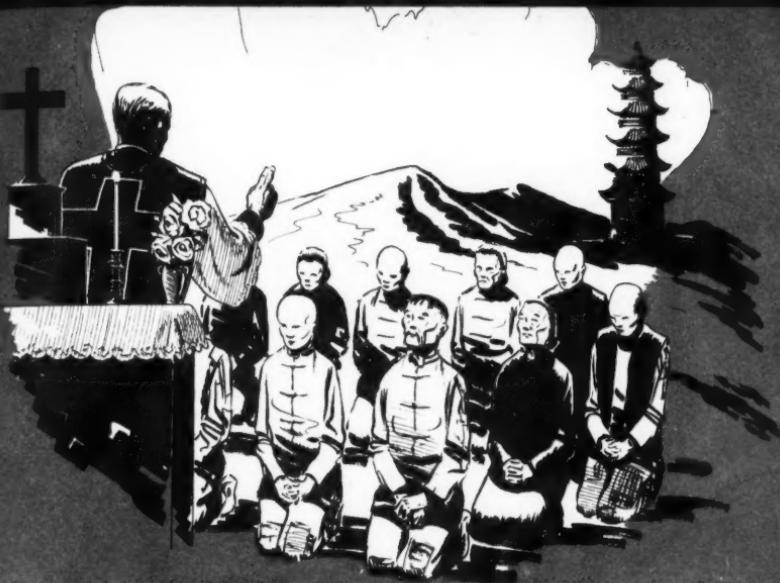
Peanut Oil is used for all cooking purposes in China. Our Kaying mission needs 1,500 pounds, costing \$375, for a year's supply. All or part of this sum would be a very helpful and practical gift.

Free Wheeling is possible in Japan, if you have the wheel; unfortunately, that is not free. In fact, Father Felsecker needs \$40 to buy a bicycle to get about his mission. May he have that sum?

"Don't Tell Them — Show Them!" We know this is good teaching practice. But catechetical visual aids cost \$6 each. We have some sets, but could use many more. Any good friend could help greatly.

For Korea, altar cards with large print are requested by Father Petipren. They cost \$15.





CHURCH, CHAPEL, SACRISTY NEEDS

In the Mission Field

China, church.....	\$5,000
Chile, to complete a church.....	4,000
Japan, chapel.....	2,000
Central America, church repairs.....	1,500
Ecuador, Mass kit.....	150
Bolivia, Mass wine and hosts.....	100
Peru, Sacristy supplies.....	75
Africa, Sanctuary furniture.....	70
Guatemala, Mass candles, year's supply.....	50
China, altar linens.....	30
Korea, Mass vestments, set.....	25

In Maryknoll Seminaries, U.S.A.

Memorial altar, for daily Mass.....	\$100
Altar linens.....	30
Mass vestments, set.....	25
Albs.....	15

Write for a free copy of our Will booklet ; or our Annuity booklet

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK



CELESTINA ASKS A QUESTION. Waving palm trees and sweet music paint for us a happy picture of Latin America. But Celestina asks, "Why do we almost never have Mass?" The answer is plain; because there are too few priests. On this, let us give Celestina a hand.

